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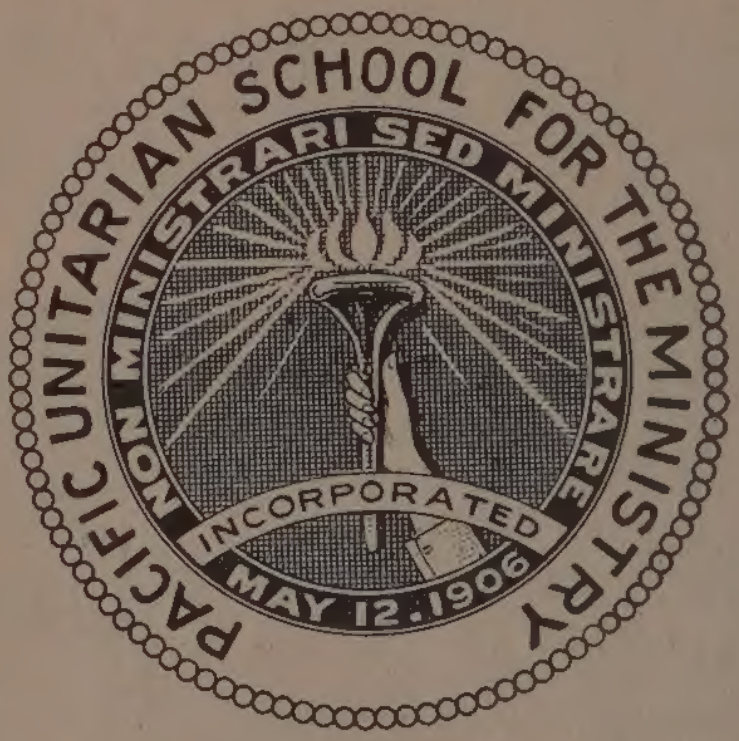

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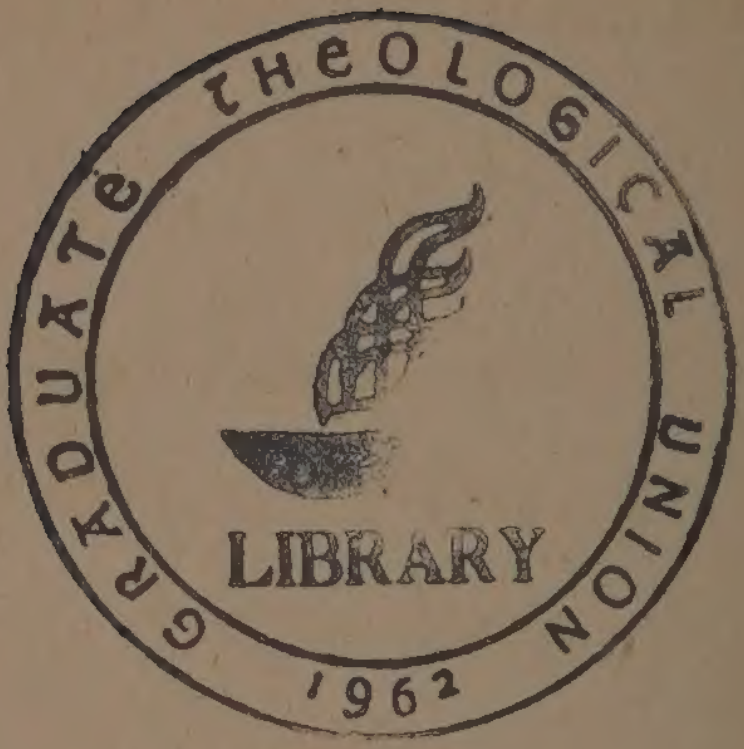

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REGENT STREET,

BY THE

REV. A. W. OXFORD, M.A., M.D.,

Minister.

London:
Messrs. John & Edward Bumpus, Limited,
350, Oxford Street.

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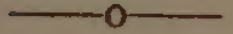
PREFACE.



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Special thanks must be given to the Rev. W. Garrett Horder and the Rev. F. L. Hosmer for much valuable assistance.

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200 61

HYMNS.

1

GREAT God, to whom since time began
The world has prayed and striven;
Maker of stars, and earth, and man,
To Thee our praise is given.
Of suns thou art the Sun,
Eternal, holy One;
Who us can help save Thou?
To Thee alone we bow;
Hear us, O God in heaven!

In myriad forms, by myriad names,
Men seek to bind and mould Thee;
But Thou dost melt, like wax in flames,
The cords that would enfold Thee.
Who madest life and light,
Bring'st morning after night,
Who all things did'st create—
No majesty, nor state,
Nor word nor world can hold Thee!

R. W. GILDER.

2

.8.7.

The mountain that the morn doth kiss
Glad greets its shining neighbour;
Lord, heed the homage of our bliss,
The incense of our labour.

Now the long shadows eastward creep,
The golden sun is setting;
Take, Lord, the worship of our sleep,
The praise of our forgetting.

R. W. GILDER.

3

12.13.12.10.

Bring, O morn, thy music! Bring, O night, thy silence!
Oceans, chant the rapture to the storm-clouds coursing free!
Suns and stars are singing,—Thou art our Creator,
Thou wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Joy and pain, thy creatures, praise Thee, mighty Giver;
Dumb the prayers are rising, in thy beast and bird and tree.
Lo, they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding;
Thou wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Light us, lead us, love us! cry thy groping
nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but calling
only Thee,
Weaving blindly out one holy, happy purpose;
Thou wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Life nor death can part us, O Thou Love eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and wayward
souls that flee;
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit
yearning,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

W. C. GANNETT.

4

Evening. C.M.

O Love divine, of all that is
The sweetest still and best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast:
I pray Thee turn me not away;
For, sinful though I be,
Thou knowest every thing I need,
And all my need of Thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That Thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since Thou dost seek alway?

And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to Thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

But Thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
And not the words I say;
Wilt hear the thanks among the words,
That only seem to pray.
Still, still thy love will beckon me,
And still thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

I would not have Thee otherwise
Than what Thou still must be;
Yea, Thou art God, and what Thou art
Is ever best for me.
And so, for all my sighs, my heart
Doth sing itself to rest,
O Love divine, most far and near,
Upon thy tender breast.

J. W. CHADWICK.

5

Evening. 8.7.

Now on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound;
And our evening hymn is blending
With the holy calm around.

Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story—
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now our wants and burdens leaving
To his care, who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo, eternal stars arise;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious
Shining in the spirit's skies.

S. LONGFELLOW.

6

Evening. 8.7.

Lo, the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

Softly now the dew is falling;
Peace o'er all the scene is spread;
On his children, meekly calling,
Purer influence God will shed.

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing,
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

C. ROBBINS.

7

Evening. 7.7.7.7.4.

Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.

While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil thy face
Our hearts ascend.

When, for ever from our sight
Pass the stars—the day— the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

8

Evening. L.M.

Again, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

The struggling heart that seeks release
Here finds the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lays down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light, to Thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

S. LONGFELLOW.

9

Evening 7s. D.

The day is done, the sacred day of thought and
toil is past,
Soft falls the twilight cool and grey on the tired
earth at last;
By wisest teachers wearièd, by gentlest friends
oppressed,
In Thee alone, the soul outworn refreshment
finds and rest.

Bend, gracious Spirit, from above, like these
o'er-arching skies,
And to thy firmament of Love lift up these
longing eyes;
And folded by thy sheltering Hand, in refuge
still and deep,
Let blessed thoughts from Thee descend, as
drop the dews of sleep.

And when refreshed, the soul once more puts
on new life and power,
O let thine image, Lord, alone gild the first
waking hour;
Let that dear Presence dawn and glow fairer
than morn's first ray,
And thy pure radiance overflow the splendour of
the day.

So in the hastening even, so in the coming morn,
When deeper slumber shall be given and fresher
life be born,
Shine out true Light to guide my way amid that
deepening gloom,
And rise, O Morning Star, the first that day-
spring to illume.

I cannot dread the darkness, where Thou wilt
watch o'er me,
I smile to greet the sunrise, because thy smile
I see;
Creator, Saviour, Comforter, on Thee my soul
is cast;
At morn, at night, in earth, in heaven, be Thou
my First and Last.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

10

Evening. 7s.

Slowly by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness; O how still
Is the working of thy will!

Mighty Maker, here am I;
Work in me as silently;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought—
In the boundless realms of thought;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

W. H. FURNESS.

11

Evening. 8.6.

O Shadow in a sultry land,
We gather to thy breast,
Whose love, enfolding us like night,
Brings quietude and rest;
Glimpse of a fairer life to be,
In foretaste here possessed.

From all our wanderings we come,
From drifting to and fro,
From tossing on life's restless deep
Amid its ebb and flow;

The grander sweep of tides serene
Our spirits yearn to know.

That which the garish day has lost
The twilight vigil brings,
While softlier the vesper bell
Its silver cadence rings,—
The sense of an immortal trust,
The touch of angel wings.

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
O day with golden skies;
Serene, above its fading glow,
Night, starry-crowned, arise;
So beautiful may heaven be
When life's last sunbeam dies.

CAROLINE M. PACKARD.

12

Evening. 6.5.

FATHER-God in Heaven,
Hear our parting psalm;
Held in thy dear keeping
We are safe from harm.

Merciful and mighty,
Blessing great and small,
Thou, the loving Father,
Watchest over all.

Myriad worlds above us
By thy hand are led;
But thy tender mercy
Guards each tiny bed.

Darkness gathering round us,
What may now betide
None can tell; but ever
Thou art by our side.

What is best we know not;
Thou alone canst tell;
But we know that ever
Thou doest all things well.

Father, Mother, guarded
By thy ceaseless love,
Thou the children leadest
To thy home above.

J. PAGE HOPPS.

13

Evening. 11.10.

NIGHT clouds around us silently are stealing,
Faint fall the sounds of daily toil and care;
And holy thoughts, like far bells softly pealing
Solemnly whisper 'tis the time for prayer.
O Lord of life, Thou hast us in thy keeping,
Thy love abides alike by night and day;
Strength of the helpless, guard thy children sleeping,
Ere morrow's dawn shall cheer us with its ray.

Peaceful the hours while stars above are beaming,
That constant keep their glowing watch on high,
And, o'er a weary world so gently gleaming,
Tell of a Providence for ever nigh.
O Lord of life, Thou hast, &c.

Ill can alarm no hearts in God confiding,
Sure stands the truth of that eternal word;
And light, that fades not, blesses all abiding
Strong in the faith that was in Christ the Lord.
O Lord of life, Thou hast, &c.

Let days roll on, for though the shades may gather,
Night brings us only one day nearer home,
Rest then in peace, till from a gracious Father
One last and loving message bids us come.
O Lord of life, Thou hast, &c.

A. N. BLATCHFORD.

14

Evening 11.10.

Peacefully round us the shadows are falling,
Glad be our praises and trustful our prayer.
Hear us, O Lord, on thy Providence calling,
Lighten our darkness,—and banish our care.

Hushed are the sheep-bells afar on the moorland,
O'er the still meadows the night breezes sweep,
Faint fall the footsteps in city and hamlet,
Safely the children are folded in sleep.

Softly may weary ones rest from their duty,
Bright be the dreams of the troubled and worn,
While through the shade beam the stars in their beauty,
Watching the world till the breaking of morn.

Lord of the night, let thine angels befriend us;
Sunshine and gloom are alike unto Thee.
Lord of the day, let thy Spirit attend us,
Bless us and keep us wherever we be.

A. N. BLATCHFORD.

15

Evening. P.M.

Softly the silent night
Falleth from God
On weary wanderers
Over life's road.
And as the stars on high
Light up the darkening sky,
Lord, unto Thee we cry—
Father above!

Slowly on failing wing
Daylight has passed;
Sleep, like an angel kind,
Folds us at last.
Peace be our lot this night,
Safe be our slumber light,
Watched by thy angels bright,
Father above!

And when the gleam of morn
Touches our eyes,
And the returning day
Bids us arise—
Happy beneath thy will,
Steadfast in joy or ill,
Lord, may we serve Thee still,
Father above!

A. N. BLATCHFORD.

16

Evening. 8.8.8.5.

The little birds now seek their nest,
The baby sleeps on mother's breast,
Thou givest all thy children rest,
God of the weary.

The sailor prayeth on the sea,
The little ones at mother's knee;
Now comes the penitent to Thee,
God of the weary.

The orphan puts away his fears,
The troubled hopes for happier years;
Thou driest all the mourners' tears,
God of the weary.

Thou sendest rest to tired feet,
To little toilers slumber sweet,
To aching hearts repose complete,
God of the weary.

In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to Thee in vain;
Thou makest life a joy again,
God of the weary.

We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve Thee as thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS.

17

Vesper Hymn.

From every danger of the night
We pray Thee, Lord, to keep,
Beneath the shelter of thy might,
Thy children while they sleep;
Whatever evils may befall,
O Lord, preserve us from them all.

W. MAURICE ADAMS

18

Close of Service. 7s.

Lord, the word is spoken now,
Sung the hymn and said the prayer;
Hither came we in thy light,
Hence departing in thy care.

Lord, what hath been spoken right,
Give us light of soul to see;
Aught that hath been said amiss
In each heart corrected be.

Lord, one dearer thing we pray—
By the light thy love confers,
To become each other's light,
All to all thy ministers.

J. V. BLAKE.

19

Close of Service. L.M.

Now while we sing our closing psalm,
With reverent lips and glowing heart,
May peace from out th' eternal calm
Rest on our spirits as we part.

May light, to guide us every hour,
From Thee, Eternal Sun, descend;
And strength from Thee, Almighty Power,
Be with us now, and to the end.

S. LONGFELLOW.

20

Advent. C.M.

THY kingdom come—on bended knee
The passing ages pray;
And faithful souls have longed to see
On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
Not less to God belong,
And for the everlasting Right
The silent stars are strong.

And lo, already on the hills
The flags of dawn appear;
Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls
Proclaim the day is near:

The day in whose clear-shining light
All wrong shall stand revealed,
And justice shall be clothed with might,
And every hurt be healed:

When knowledge, hand in hand with peace,
Shall walk the earth abroad,—
The day of perfect righteousness,
The promised day of God.

F. L. HOSMER.

21

Advent. L.M.

'A Cloud received Him out of sight'!
E'en so: and then men knew no more
The human presence warm and bright
As He had walked the earth before,—

The preacher of the mountain-side,
Teaching the kingdom's reign within,
Strong in rebuke of hardened pride,
Yet pitiful of conscious sin.

But sceptred now, and throned afar,
Men watched in dread his swift return,
To see before his judgment bar
The earth dissolve and heavens burn.

The gathered clouds of centuries lift,
No king in wrath descends to reign,
Yet kinglike through the shining rift
The man of Nazareth comes again.

O Friend and Brother, draw more near
The while thy festival we keep;
Diviner shall our lives appear
Held fast in thy high fellowship.

F. L. HOSMER.

22

Christmas. C.M.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold :—
'Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From heaven's all-gracious King.'
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend, on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long :
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong ;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring :
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo, the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When, with the ever-circling years,
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. SEARS.

23

Christmas. L.M.

'WHAT means this glory round our feet,'
The magi mused, 'more bright than morn?'
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'

'What means that star,' the shepherds said,
'That brightens through the rocky glen?'
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men.'

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come.

But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men.'

For they who to their childhood cling,
And keep their natures fresh as morn,
Once more shall hear the angels sing,
'To-day the Prince of Peace is born.'

J. R. LOWELL.

24

Christmas. C.M.

To-DAY be joy in every heart,
For lo, the angel throng
Once more above the listening earth
Repeats the advent song:

'Peace on the earth, goodwill to men!'
Before us goes the star
That leads us on to holier births
And life diviner far.

Ye men of strife, forget to-day
Your harshness and your hate;
Too long ye stay the promised years
For which the nations wait.

And ye upon the tented field,
Sheathe, sheathe to-day the sword;
By love, and not by might, shall come
The kingdom of the Lord.

O star of human faith and hope,
Thy light shall lead us on,
Until it fades in morning's glow,
And heaven on earth is won.

F. L. HOSMER.

25

Christmas. 7.6.8.6.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given;
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

26

Christmas. L.M.

Not over great Jerusalem
Rested the mystic star of old,
But over little Bethlehem,
In holy legend we are told.

It passed the mighty of the earth,
The pride of wealth, the pomp of kings,
To mark a prophet's lowly birth,
And shame the scorn of common things.

Nor beat of drum, nor bugle cry
Announced the prophet's coming reign,
But 'Glory be to God on high,
On earth be peace, goodwill to men.'

The watching shepherds heard with awe,
And felt the brush of unseen wings,
While from afar the magi saw,
And joyful came with offerings.

Still go before us, mystic star,
Our dull and blinded eyes to clear,
We follow with the magi far,
And with the wondering shepherds hear.

Again the angel hosts draw nigh,
We sing with them the Christmas strain,
'All glory be to God on high,
On earth be peace, goodwill to men.'

F. L. HOSMER.

27

Christmas. C.M.

Long, long ago, in manger low
Was cradled from above
A little Child, in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of love.

When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
The noise He hushed with hope and trust
And Peace began her song.

Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness
And poverty and woe;—

Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came;
They stand outside our hearts and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

For trouble, cold, and dreary care,
  Are angels in disguise;
And greeted fair, with trust and prayer,
  As Peace and Love they rise.

They are the manger, rude and low,
  In which a Christ-child lies;
O welcome guest, thy cradle nest
  Is always God's surprise.

W. C. GANNETT.

28

C.M.

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
  For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
  A never-ebbing sea;

Our outward lips confess the name
  All other names above;
But love alone knows whence it came,
  And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow
  The mists of earth away;
Shine out, O Light divine, and show
  How wide and far we stray.

The letter fails, the systems fall,
  And every symbol wanes:
The Spirit over-brooding all,
  Eternal Love, remains.

J. G. WHITTIER.

29

C.M.

He cometh not a king to reign,
The world's long hope is dim;
The weary centuries watch in vain
The clouds of heaven for Him.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may thy service be?
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

J. G. WHITTIER.

30

C.M.

O Love, O Life, our faith and sight
Thy presence maketh one:
As, through transfigured clouds of white,
We trace the noon-day Sun,—

So to our mortal eyes subdued,
Flesh-veiled, but not concealed,
We know in Thee the fatherhood
And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

The heart shall ring thy Christmas bells,
Kind deeds thy altars raise,
Our faith and hope thy canticles,
And our obedience praise.

J. G. WHITTIER.

31

S.M.

O MASTER of my soul,
To whom the lives of men,
That floated once upon thy breath,
Shall yet return again:

Give me the eyes to see,
Give me the ears to hear,
Give me the spiritual sense
To feel that Thou are near.

So when this earthly mist
Fades in the azure sky,
My soul shall still be close to Thee,
And in Thee cannot die.

E. HATCH

32

C.M.

Immortal by their deed and word
  Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
  Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
  Yet floats upon the air;
We hear it in beatitude,
  In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
  Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
  And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life for evermore,
  That life of duty here,—
The trust that in the darkest hour
  Looked forth and knew no fear.

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on,
  Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
  And all his will obey.

F. L. HOSMER.

33

8s.

O PATIENT Christ, when long ago,
O'er old Judæa's rugged hills,
Thy willing feet went to and fro,
To find and comfort human ills,
Did once thy tender, earnest eyes,
Look down the solemn centuries,
And see the smallness of our lives.

Souls struggling for the victory,
And martyrs finding death was gain;
Souls turning from the Truth and Thee,
And falling deep in sin and pain:
Great heights and depths were surely seen,
But O the dreary waste between—
Small lives, not base, perhaps, but mean;

Their selfish efforts for the right,
Or cowardice that keeps from sin—
Content to only see the height
That nobler souls will toil to win.
O shame to think thine eyes should see
The souls contented just to be—
The lives too small to take in Thee!

Lord, let this thought awake our shame,
That blessèd shame that stings to life,
Rouse us to live for thy dear name—
Arm us with courage for the strife.
O Christ, be patient with us still;
Dear Christ, remember Calvary's hill—
Our little lives with purpose fill.

MARGARET W. DELAND.

34

L.M.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

Teach me thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. GLADDEN.

35

6.4.

Master, no offering,
  Costly and sweet,
May we, like Magdalene,
  Lay at thy feet;
Yet may love's incense rise,
Sweeter than sacrifice,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Daily our lives would show
  Weakness made strong,
Toilsome and gloomy ways
  Brightened with song;
Some deeds of kindness done,
Some souls by patience won,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Some word of hope for hearts
  Burdened with fears,
Some balm of peace for eyes
  Blinded with tears,
Some dews of mercy shed,
Some wayward footsteps led,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

Thus in thy service, Lord,
  Till eventide
Closes the day of life,
  May we abide.
And when earth's labours cease,
Bid us depart in peace,
Dear Lord, to Thee.

E. P. PARKER.

36

7s.

When my love to God grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless One
Weeping, praying there alone.

When my love for man grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;

There behold his agony
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again,
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

J. R. WREFORD & S. LONGFELLOW.

37

8.8.7.

'It is finished!' Man of sorrows,
From thy cross our frailty borrows
Strength to bear and conquer thus.

While extended there we view Thee,
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to Thee,
Sufferer victorious.

Not in vain for us uplifted,
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
May that sacred emblem be;

Lifted high amid the ages,
Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
May it guide us still to Thee;

Still to Thee, whose love unbounded
Sorrow's depths for us has sounded,
Perfected by conflicts sore.

Honoured be thy cross for ever,
Star, that points our high endeavour
Whither Thou hast gone before.

F. H. HEDGE.

38

Easter. 8.8.8.4.

PAST are the cross, the scourge, the thorn,
The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
And brightly breaks the Eastern morn.
Hallelujah!

Gone are the gloomy clouds of night;
The shades of death are put to flight;
And from the tomb beams heavenly light.
Hallelujah!

And so, in sorrow dark and drear,
Though black the night, the morn is near;
Soon shall the heavenly day appear.
Hallelujah!

And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
From out the gloom our souls shall rise
In deathless glory to the skies.
Hallelujah!

Then let us raise the glorious strain,
Love's triumph over sin and pain,
Faith's victory over terror's reign.
Hallelujah!

A. C. JEWITT.

39

Easter. C.M.

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn.

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And flowers are blossoming.

O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
Immortal hopes shall grow:

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years.

F. L. HOSMER.

40

Easter. 8.8.8.4.

O Lord of Life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto Thee.
Hallelujah!

All souls are thine, and, here or there,
They rest within thy sheltering care;
One providence alike they share.
Hallelujah!

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;
Above the requiem, 'dust to dust,'
Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.
Hallelujah!

O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed;
Living or dying they are blest.
Hallelujah!

F. L. HOSMER.

41

Easter. 7s.

Lo, the earth is risen again
From the winter's bond and pain;
Bring we flower and leaf and spray
To adorn our holiday.

Once again the word comes true,
Lo, He maketh all things new.
Now the dark, cold days are o'er,
Light and gladness are before.

How our hearts leap with the spring,
How our spirits soar and sing;
Light is victor over gloom,
Life triumphant o'er the tomb.

Change, then, mourning into praise,
And, for dirges, anthems raise;
All our fears and griefs shall be
Lost in immortality.

S. LONGFELLOW.

42

Easter. 7s.

Lo, the day of days is here,
Earth puts on her robes of cheer,
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality.
Fields are smiling in the sun,
Loosened streamlets seaward run,
Tender blade and leaf appear,
'Tis the spring-tide of the year.
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality.

Lo, the day of days is here,
Hearts, awake and sing with cheer.
He who robes his earth anew
Careth for his children too.
They who look to Him in faith
Triumph over fear and death.
Speaks the angel by the door
'They are risen' evermore.
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality.

Lo, the day of days is here,
Music thrills the atmosphere.
Join, ye people all, and sing
Love and praise and thanksgiving.
Rocky steep or flowery mead,
One the Shepherd that doth lead,
One the hope within us born,
One the joy of Easter morn.
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality.

F. L. HOSMER.

43

Easter. 11.9.11.9.11.6.

Father Omnipotent, joyful and thankful,
Bring we the praises to Thee belong;
Hopefulness, joyfulness in thy great mercy
Fill our waked spirits with sounding song.
Hallowed this festival, when life immortal
Shines through open portal:

Open to faithfulness, open to sorrow,
Open to vision of saint and seer.
Death, where thy victory? where thy great anguish?
Hope cometh mighty, outcasting fear.
O hope victorious, on us descending,
Earth and heaven blending!

Glory and majesty break forth upon us,
Like unto splendours of morning skies.
Light beatifical, life everlasting,
With thy great glory on us arise;
Lighten our heaviness, shine on our sorrow,
Life's eternal morrow.

44

J. V. Blake.

Easter. Irr.

Over the land in glory
Breaketh the Easter morn.
Nature repeateth her story,—
Life out of death new-born.
Lo, the year's at the spring,
Buds are blossoming;
Earth and heavens sing;
Life is life for ever, evermore.

Listen, the birds are singing,
Singing on Easter morn;
Bells in the steeples ringing
Welcome the festal morn;
And the message they bear
On the radiant air
Chides sorrow and fear;
Life is life for ever, evermore.

Skies of the spirit brighten,
Hopes like the birds return;
Hearts with the promise lighten,—
'Blessed are they that mourn.'
To each winter a spring
God will surely bring,
And the heart shall sing;
Life is life for ever, evermore.

F. L. HOSMER

45

The Spirit of God. 4.6.6.6.6.6.2.

COME Thou, O come;
Sweetest and kindliest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul;
In all anxiety,
With pow'r from heaven on high,
Console.

Come Thou, O come;
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphan's and widow's stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

Come Thou, O come;
Glorious and shadow-free,
Star of the stormy sea,
Light of the tempest-tost,
Harbour our souls to save,
When hope upon the wave
Is lost.

Come Thou, O come;
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death;
Come, blessed Spirit, come,
Lead Thou us tenderly,
Till we shall find in Thee
Our home.

Latin tr. G. MOULTRIE.

46

The Spirit of God. 7s.

Holy Spirit, Truth divine,
Dawn upon this soul of mine;
Word of God, and inward Light,
Wake my spirit, clear my sight.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine;
Kindle every high desire;
Perish self in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Fill and nerve this will of mine;
By Thee may I strongly live,
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

Holy Spirit, Right divine,
King within my conscience reign;
Be my Law, and I shall be
Firmly bound, forever free.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine;
Speak to calm this tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquility.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;
In the desert ways I sing
'Spring, O Well, forever spring.'

S. LONGFELLOW.

47

The Spirit of God. S.M.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with Thee I will one will,
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity.

E. HATCH.

48

The Spirit of God. L.M.

O Love divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from Thee;

All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer by Thee are lit;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st;
Wide as our need thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, unseen, o'er the heads of all.

J. G. WHITTIER.

49

The Spirit of God. L.M.

Mysterious Presence, Source of all,—
The world without, the world within,
Fountain of Life, O hear our call,
And pour thy living waters in.

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;
Nor wilt Thou from the willing mind
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear
Awoke the psalmist's trembling lyre,
And touched the lips of holy seer
With flame from thine own altar fire.
That touch divine still, Lord, impart;
Still give the prophet's burning word;
And vocal in each waiting heart
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

S. C. BEACH.

50

The Spirit of God. 7S.

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined:
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind.

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good;

Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track;
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the Prophet's word
And the People's liberty!

S. JOHNSON.

51

11.11.11.5.

Father Almighty, bless us with thy blessing,
Answer in love thy children's supplication;
Hear Thou our prayers, the spoken and unspoken:
Hear us, our Father.

Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek Thee
To pastures green, beside the peaceful waters;
Tenderest Guide, in ways of cheerful duty,
Lead us, Good Shepherd.

Spirit of mercy, from thy watch and keeping
No place can part, nor hour of time remove us;
Give us thy good, and save us from our evil,
Infinite Spirit.

L. J. WARE.

52

C.M.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by thy flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

I. WATTS.

53

C.M.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
In all thy love so near,
Beyond the range of sun and star,
And yet beside us here,—

What heart can comprehend thy name
  Or, searching, find Thee out,
Who art within, a quickening flame,
  A presence round about?

Yet though I know Thee but in part,
  I ask not, Lord, for more:
Enough for me to know Thou art,
  To love Thee and adore.

O sweeter than aught else besides,
  The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
  The light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know
  Is childlike faith to me,
That makes the darkest way I go
  An open path to Thee.

F. L. HOSMER.

54

8.7.8.7.

A GLADSOME song of praise we sing,
  And thankfully we gather,
To bless the love of God above,
  Our everlasting Father.
    In Him rejoice with heart and voice,
      Whose glory fadeth never,
    Whose providence is our defence,
      Who lives and loves for ever.

From shades of night He calls the light,
And from the sod the flower;
From every cloud his blessings break,
In sunshine or in shower.
In Him rejoice, &c.

Full in his sight his children stand,
By his strong arm defended;
And He, whose wisdom guides the world,
Our footsteps hath attended.
In Him rejoice, &c.

For nothing falls unknown to Him,—
Or care, or joy, or sorrow,
And He whose mercy ruled the past
Will be our stay to-morrow.
In Him rejoice, &c.

Then praise the Lord with one accord,
To his great name give glory,
And of his never-changing love
Repeat the wondrous story.
In Him rejoice, &c.

A. N. BLATCHFORD.

55

8.7.8.8.7.

Angels holy, high and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord;
Earth and sky, all living Nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

Sun and moon bright, night and noon-light
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise, ye, praise ye God the Lord.

Ocean hoary, tell his glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared;
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

Rock and highland, wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

Rolling river, praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

Bond and free man, land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord.

Praise Him ever, Bounteous Giver,
Praise Him, Father, Friend, and Lord;
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord.

J. S. BLACKIE.

56

8.8.7.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
We are met to worship Thee;

Not in formal adorations,
Nor with servile deprecations,
  But in spirit true and free.

By thy wisdom mind is lighted,
By thy love the heart excited,
  Light and love all flow from Thee;

And the soul of thought and feeling,
In the voice thy praises pealing,
  Must thy noblest homage be.

Not alone in our devotion,
In all being, life, and motion,
  We the present Godhead see.

Gracious Power, the world pervading,
Blessing all, and none upbraiding,
  We are met to worship Thee.

W. J. FOX.

57

L.M.

One Lord there is, all lords above—
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah, to wrong what is his name?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun;
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame,
Shall I not lift my heart to Thee,
And ask Thee, Lord, to rule in me?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate,—

Thy happy Gate, which leads us where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with the Everlasting Name.

W. B. RANDS.

58

C.M.

Sing forth his high eternal name
  Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same,—
  The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
  Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless,—
  The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
  Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds,—
  The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call;
O may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous Lord of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise,—
The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied He is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,—
The only Lord of all.

S. LONGFELLOW.

59

C.M.

One thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need,—
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at life's full board;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessèd thought of God.

F. L. HOSMER.

60

C.M.

O NAME, all other names above,
What are Thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love,
And cast my care on Thee.

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which Thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill.

Thrice blessèd be the holy souls
That lead the way to Thee,
That burn upon the martyr-rolls
And lists of prophecy.

And sweet it is to tread the ground
O'er which their faith hath trod;
But sweeter far when Thou art found,
The soul's own sense of God.

The thought of Thee all sorrow calms;
Our anxious burdens fall;
His crosses turn to triumph-palms
Who finds in God his all.

F. L. HOSMER.

61

C.M.

We pray no more, made lowly wise,
For miracle and sign;
Anoint our eyes to see within
The common the divine.

'Lo here, lo there,' no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.

We turn from seeking Thee afar
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels Thee ever near.

And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When Thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in Thee.

F. L. HOSMER.

62

6.6.8.6.6.8.

We wonder and adore
God's workings to explore,
And trace one purpose through them all;
Live to himself can none.
Dies to himself not one,
Together bound are great and small.

The law of sun and star,
Of things near and afar,
Runs through the changeful life of man;
Lives to himself can none,
Dies to himself not one,
Moves on, for good or ill, God's plan.

O Father, give us grace
Right well to fill our place
Amid such mysteries of life;
Our life for Thee to use,
Thy part in life to choose,
And strengthen others for the strife.

JAMES LEGGE.

63

L.M.

LORD of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near.

Sun of our life, thy quickened ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day:
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign:
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is Truth, whose warmth is Love;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

O. W. HOLMES.

64

L.M.

SILENT like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to truth, to God.

We fling aside the weight, the sin,
Resolved the victory to win:
We know the peril, but our eyes
Rest on the splendour of the prize.

No idling now, no wasteful sleep,
From Christian toil our limbs to keep,
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?
'Tis but a little, and we rest;
Finished the toil—the race is run;
The battle fought—the field is won.

H. BONAR.

65

L.M.

Thou glorious God, before whose face
The generations pass away,
As to our eyes the tender grace
And marvel of each shining day;

We thank Thee for the joy sublime
Of years so radiant with thy power
That all the best of endless time
Seems granted to the fleeting hour.

We praise Thee for the surer right,
The clearer message from above,
The lengthening day, the shortening night,
The wiser ministries of love.

We bless Thee for the friends we miss,
Who made our peace and stilled our pain;
We trust Thee tenderly for this,
To bring us to their arms again.

We magnify thy holy name;
And, while in Thee our hearts rejoice,
Strong be our wills through blame and shame
To do the bidding of thy voice.

J. W. CHADWICK.

66

C.M.

Thou Grace divine, encircling all,
A shoreless, soundless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall;
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
  One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us safe and slow;
  O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
  And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace;
  O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
  The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
  O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
  Our wayward steps to win;
We know Thee by a dearer name,
  O Love of God within.

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
  Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
  O Love of God, to Thee!

ELIZA SCUDDER.

67

L.M.

Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
  Hast brought us here before thy face;
Our spirits wait for thy command,
  Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Our spirits lay their noblest powers,
As offerings, on thy holy shrine;
Thine was the strength that nourished ours;
The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
We saw thine angels round us move;
We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
And followed, trusting to thy love.

And now with hymn and prayer we stand,
To give our strength to Thee, great God;
We would redeem thy holy land,
That land which sin so long has trod.

Send us where'er Thou wilt, O Lord,
Through rugged toil and wearying fight;
Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
And faith in Thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray;
Be thy pure angels with us still;
Thy Truth, be that our firmest stay;
Our only rest, to do thy will.

O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

68

C.M.

The Lord is in his Holy Place
In all things near and far,
Shekinah of the snowflake, He,
And Glory of the star,
And Secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,
Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.

He hides Himself within the love
Of those whom we love best;
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by Him possessed;
He tents within the lonely heart
And shepherds every thought;
We find Him not by seeking long,
We lose Him not, unsought.

Our art may build its Holy Place,
Our feet on Sinai stand,
But Holiest of Holy knows
No tread, no touch of hand;
The listening soul makes Sinai still
Wherever we may be,
And in the vow, 'Thy will be done,'
Lies all Gethsemane.

W. C. GANNETT.

69

8.5.

Unto Thee abiding ever,
Look I in my need,
Strength of every good endeavour,
Holy thought and deed.

Thou dost guide the stars of heaven,
Heal the broken heart,
Bring in turn the morn and even,—
Love and Law Thou art.

Clouds and darkness are about Thee,
Just and sure thy throne;
Not a sparrow falls without Thee,
All to Thee is known.

Origin and end of being,
All things in and through,
Light Thou art of all my seeing,
Power to will and do.

Through my life, whate'er betide me,
Thou my trust shalt be;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee?

F. L. HOSMER.

70

S.M.

I PRAY to know thy peace,
I long to feel thy love,
Each day I yearn the way to learn
Unto thy home above.
O love of God most full,
O love of God most free,
Come warm my heart, come fill my soul,
Come lead me unto Thee.

Warm as the glowing sun
So shines thy love on me,
It wraps me round with kindly care,
It draws me unto Thee.
O love of God, &c.

No foe can face me down,
No fear can make me flee,
No sorrow fill my life with ill;
Thy love surroundeth me.
O love of God, &c.

The wildest sea is calm,
The tempest brings no fear,
The darkest night is full of light,
Because thy love is near.
O love of God, &c.

I triumph over sin,
I put temptation down,
The love of God doth give me strength
To win the victor's crown.
O love of God most full,
O love of God most free,
Thou warm'st my heart, Thou fill'st my soul,
With might Thou strengthenest me.

O. CLUTE.

71

L.M.

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with Thee.

Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would need no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. FROTHINGHAM.

72

11.10.11.6.

STILL will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod;
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain,
Through Him alone, who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

Choose for us, God, nor let our weak preferring
Cheat us of good Thou hast for us designed;
Choose for us, God; thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

So from the sky the night shall furl her shadows,
And day pour gladness through her golden gates;
Our rough path lead to flower-enamelled meadows,
Where joy our coming waits.

Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss:
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. BURLEIGH.

73

C.M.

Our Father, while our hearts unlearn
The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn
With faith's undying flame.

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath
Our souls thy face shall see;
The star of love must light the path
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see Him once again;

The brother Man, the pitying Friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew.
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do.

O. W. HOLMES.

74

11.10.

STILL, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee, as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendour still is given,
So doth this blessèd consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer ;
Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee :
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.

HARRIET B. STOWE.

75

C.M.

O Thou who art of all that is
  Beginning both and end,
We follow Thee through unknown paths,
  Since all to Thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep
  Beyond all fathom-line;
Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
  Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless Thee for the skies above,
  And for the earth beneath,
For hopes that blossom here below
  And wither not with death;
But most we bless Thee for Thyself,
  O heavenly Light within,
Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
  The darkness of our sin.

Be Thou in joy our deeper joy,
  Our comfort when distressed;
Be Thou by day our strength for toil,
  And Thou by night our rest.
And when these earthly dwellings fail
  And Time's last hour is come,
Be Thou, O God, our dwelling-place
  And our eternal home.

F. L. HOSMER.

76

8.7.

Have you heard the Golden City
  Mentioned in the legends old?
Everlasting light shines o'er it,
  Wondrous tales of it are told.

Only righteous men and women
Dwell within its gleaming wall,
Wrong is banished from its borders,
Justice reigns supreme o'er all.

We are builders of that City,
All our joys and all our groans
Help to rear its shining ramparts,
All our lives are building-stones.

For that City we must labour,
For its sake bear pain and grief,
In it find the end of living
And the anchor of belief.

But a few brief years we labour,
Soon our earthly day is o'er,
Other builders take our places,
And 'our place knows us no more.'

But the work that we have builded,
Oft with bleeding hands and tears,
And in error and in anguish,
Will not perish with our years.

It will be at last made perfect
In the universal plan,
It will help to crown the labours
Of the toiling hosts of man.

It will last and shine transfigured
In the final reign of Right,
It will merge into the splendours
Of the City of the Light.

F. ADLER.

77

11.10.

FATHER, to Thee we look in all our sorrow,
Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail, and skies are dark before us,
When the vain cares that vex our life increase,—
Comes with its calm the thought that Thou art o'er us,
And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness Thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows,
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise Him when these darkened furrows,
Where now He ploweth, wave with golden grain.

F. L. HOSMER.

78

C.M.

O Thou whose Spirit witness bears
  Within our spirits free
That we thy children are and heirs
  Of thine eternity,—

Here may this simple faith sublime
  O'er-arch us like the sky;
Secure below the drift of time
  Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
  Our creeds, they rise and fall;
The life of God within the soul
  Lives and outlasts them all.

Here may that witness clearer grow
  Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show
  And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrows sanctified,
  Here truth her radiance pour,
While hope and faith and love abide,
  Forever more and more.

F. L. HOSMER.

79

8.8.8.8.6.

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul on Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean depths its flow
  May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee,
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

G. MATHESON.

80

L.M.

O SOMETIMES gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the Eternal Right;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man;

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low, sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

Henceforth my heart shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore:
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

J. G. WHITTIER.

81

L.M.

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
The Fount of being's wondrous sea,
Thy depth would every heart appal,
That saw not Love supreme in Thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
Where worlds on worlds eternal brood;
We know Thee truly but in this,
That Thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
O grant us still in Thee to dwell,
And through the ceaseless web to trace
Thy presence working all things well.

Nor let Thou life's delightful play
Thy truth's transcendent vision hide:
Nor strength and gladness lead astray
From Thee, our nature's only guide.

Bestow on every joyous thrill
A deeper tone of reverent awe;
Make pure thy children's erring will,
And teach their hearts to love thy law.

J. STERLING.

82

C.M.

O PROPHET souls of all the years,
  Bend o'er us from above;
Your far-off vision, toils, and tears
  Now to fulfilment move.

One Life together we confess,
  One all-indwelling Word,
One holy Call to righteousness
  Within the silence heard.

One Law that guides the shining spheres
  As on through space they roll,
And speaks in flaming characters
  On Sinais of the soul.

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
  An ever-flowing sea,
That holds within its vast embrace
  Time and eternity.

F. L. HOSMER.

83

8.6.8.8.6.

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind,
  Forgive our feverish ways;
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
  In deeper reverence, praise.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
  O calm of hills above!
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
  Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
  Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
  As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
  Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb—its heats expire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
  O still small voice of calm.

J. G. WHITTIER.

84

L.M.

O LIFE that maketh all things new,
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men,
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one;

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The Life that maketh all things new.

S. LONGFELLOW.

85

P.M.

Not in dumb resignation,
  We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist,
  Content to do and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle's,
  Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
  'O Lord, thy will be done.'

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
  It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
  No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man,
  Beneath the liberal sun,
O Lord, be there, thine arm made bare,
  Thy righteous will be done.

JOHN HAY.

86

12.13.12.10.

Father, Thou art calling, calling to us plainly;
  To the spirit comes thy loving message
    evermore;
Holy One, uplift us, nor for ever vainly
  Stand calling us and waiting at the door.

In the whirling tempest and the storm Thou livest,
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the afterglow;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow, Thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being speaking low:
Enter, O our Father, truth and life revealing;
From every evil free us as we go.

In Thee living, moving, unto Thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that fill the soul,
Father, we adore Thee, asking nought nor fearing;
We cannot wander from thy dear control.

J. V. BLAKE.

87

7s.

MANY things in life there are
Past our understanding far,
And the humblest flower that grows
Hides a secret no man knows.

All unread by outer sense
Lies the soul's experience;
Mysteries around us rise,
We, the deeper mysteries.

Who hath scales to weigh the love
That from heart to heart doth move,
The divine unrest within,
Or the keen remorse for sin?

Who can map those tracks of light
Where the fancy wings its flight,
Or to outer vision trace
Thought's mysterious dwelling-place?

Who can sound the silent sea
Where, with sealèd orders, we
Voyage from birth's forgotten shore
Toward the unknown land before?

While we may so little scan
Of thy vast creation's plan,
Teach us, O our God, to be
Humble in our walk with Thee.

May we trust, through ill and good,
Thine unchanging Fatherhood,
And our highest wisdom find
In the reverent heart and mind.

Clearer vision shall be ours,
Larger wisdom, ampler powers,
And the meaning yet appear
Of what passes knowledge here.

F. L. HOSMER

88

8.6.8.6.8.8.

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel thy touch, Eternal love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to still;
Around me flows thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will;
Thy presence fills my solitude;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love,
Held in thy law, I stand;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in thy hand;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. LONGFELLOW.

89 6s.

O Thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem:

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God, thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melts down;
Where self itself yields up;
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
Where in his steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where He is in the heart,
City of God, thou art.

Not throned above the skies
Nor golden-walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In his name gathered are;
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

90

C.M.

One holy Church of God appears
  Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
  Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
  Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
  With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
  To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
  Love her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
  The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
  Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
  Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
  Redeem the evil time.

S. LONGFELLOW.

91

C.M.

From age to age the prophets rise,
  Still in unbroken line;
Above the passing centuries
  Like beacon-lights they shine.

Through differing accents of the lip
One message they proclaim;
One growing bond of fellowship,
Above all names one Name.

They witness to one heritage,
One Spirit's quickening breath:
One widening reign, from age to age,
Of freedom and of faith.

Their kindling power our souls confess,
Though dead they speak to-day:
How great the cloud of witnesses
Encompassing our way!

Through every race, in every clime,
One song shall yet be heard;
Move onward in thy course sublime,
O everlasting Word!

F. L. HOSMER.

92

C.M.

City of God, how broad and far
Outspread thy walls sublime;
The true thy chartered freemen are,
Of every age and clime.

One holy church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One faith and work, one hope and song,
One King Omnipotent!

How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
And slow and vast thine empire grown
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth.

The watch-fires gleam from night to night,
With never-fainting ray;
Thy towers uprise, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day.

In vain the surges' angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands;
Unharmed, upon the Eternal Rock,
The Eternal City stands.

S. JOHNSON.

93

P.M.

I LIVE for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold;
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfil each great design.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

G. L. BANKS.

94

C.M.

I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet was on me laid
Of trouble or of care,
But He my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own:
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine,
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;
I still must find Him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust.

And so my onward way I fare
With happy heart and calm,
And mingle with my daily care
The music of my psalm.

95

10S.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way,
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day,
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

J. W. CHADWICK.

96

11.10.

Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love;
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And Thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
Abides; and when pain seems to have its will,
Or we despair, O may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love:
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

S. JOHNSON.

97

8s.

For the dead and for the dying;
For the dead that once were living,
And the living that are dying,
Pray I to the All-Forgiving;

For the dead who yester journeyed;
For the living who to-morrow,
Through the valley of the shadow,
Must all bear the world's great sorrow;

For the immortal, who, in silence,
Have already crossed the portal;
For the mortal, who, in silence,
Soon shall follow the immortal.

Keep thine arms round all, O Father,
Round lamenting and lamented;
Round the living and repenting,
Round the dead who have repented.

Keep thine arms round all, O Father,
That are left or that are taken;
For they all are needy, whether
The forsaking or forsaken.

H. A. BLOOD.

98

C.M.

From Thee all skill and science flow.
All pity, care, and love,
All calm and courage, faith and hope;
O pour them from above.

And part them, Lord, to each and all,
As each and all shall need,
To rise like incense, each to Thee,
In noble thought and deed.

And hasten, Lord, that perfect day,
When pain and death shall cease;
And thy just rule shall fill the earth
With health, and light, and peace;

When ever blue the sky shall gleam,
And ever green the sod;
And man's rude work deface no more
The Paradise of God.

C. KINGSLEY.

99

10.10.10.10.4.

Gather us in, Thou love that fillest all:
Gather our rival faiths within thy fold.
Rend each man's temple veil, and bid it fall,
That we may know that Thou hast been of old.
Gather us in.

Gather us in: we worship only Thee.
In varied names, we stretch a common hand;
In diverse forms a common soul we see;
In many ships we seek one spirit land.
Gather us in.

Each sees one colour of thy rainbow light;
Each looks upon one tint and calls it heaven;
Thou are the fulness of our partial sight;
We are not perfect till we find the seven.
Gather us in.

Thine is the mystic life great India craves;
Thine is the Parsee's sin-destroying beam;
Thine is the Buddhist's rest from tossing waves;
Thine is the empire of vast China's dream.
Gather us in.

Thine is the Roman's strength without his pride;
Thine is the Greek's glad world without its graves;
Thine is Judæa's law, with love beside
The truth that censures, and the grace that saves.
Gather us in.

Some seek a Father in the heaven above;
Some ask a human image to adore;
Some crave a spirit, vast as life and love:
Within thy mansions, we have all and more.
Gather us in.

G. MATHESON.

100

L.M.

Go forth to life, O child of earth,
Remembering still thy heavenly birth;
Thou art not here for ease or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.

Though passion's fires be in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control;
Though tempters should beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God Himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth,
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth;
For noble service thou art here;
Thy brothers help, thy God revere.

S. LONGFELLOW.

101

C.M.

Go not, my soul, in search of Him,
  Thou wilt not find Him there,—
Or in the depths of shadow dim,
  Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
  The Spirit hath its throne;
In every heart it findeth place
  And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
And Soul with soul hath kin;
The outward God he findeth not
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
Revealed by inward sign,
Earth will be full of Deity
And with his glory shine.

Thou shalt not want for company
Nor pitch thy tent alone;
The indwelling God will go with thee
And show thee of his own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace,
That God should condescend
To make thy heart his dwelling-place
And be thy daily Friend.

Then go not thou in search of Him,
But to thyself repair;
Wait thou within the silence dim
And thou shalt find Him there.

F. L. HOSMER.

102

C.M.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song
  That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
  And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
  Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
  May serve my neighbour best.

God make my life a little hymn,
  Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
  In all his wondrous ways.

MATILDA BETHAM-EDWARDS.

103

C.M.

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world:
  Now, each man to his post;
The red-cross banner is unfurled;
  Who joins the glorious host?

He who, in fealty to the Truth,
  And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth,—
  He joins the noble host.

He who, no anger on his tongue,
  Nor any idle boast,
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—
  He joins the sacred host.

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
  Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still,—
  He joins the faithful host.

He who is ready for the cross,
  The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss,—
  He joins the martyr host.

S. LONGFELLOW.

104

C.M.

ETERNAL Life, whose love divine
  Enfolds us each and all,
We know no other truth than thine,
  We heed no other call.

O may we serve in thought and deed
  Thy kingdom yet to be,
Till Truth and Righteousness and Love
  Shall lead all souls to Thee.

EMMA E. MAREAN.

105

11.10.

I CANNOT find Thee. Still on restless pinion
  My spirit beats the void where Thou dost dwell;
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
  And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find Thee. E'en when most adoring
Before thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer;
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring
From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendour shineth: there, O God, Thou art.

I cannot lose Thee. Still in Thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The Hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in Thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

106

4.8.8.4.

HOLD Thou my hands!
In grief and joy, in hope and fear,
Lord, let me *feel* that Thou art near,
Hold Thou my hands!

If e'er by doubts
Of thy good fatherhood depressed,
I cannot find in Thee my rest,
Hold Thou my hands!

Hold Thou my hands,—
These passionate hands too quick to smite,
These hands so eager for delight,—
Hold Thou my hands!

And when at length,
With darkened eyes and fingers cold,
I seek some last loved hand to hold,
Hold Thou my hands!

W. CANTON.

107

7.6.

He hides within the lily
A strong and tender care,
That wins the earth-born atoms
To glory of the air;
He weaves the shining garments
Unceasingly and still,
Along the quiet waters,
In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
With Him who bent the knee
To watch the old-time lilies
In distant Galilee;
And still the worship deepens
And quickens into new,
As brightening down the ages,
God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,
Thy touch is in the Man;
No leaf that dawns to petal
But hints the angel-plan.
The flower-horizons open;
The blossom vaster shows:
We hear thy wide worlds echo,—
See how the lily grows.

Shy yearnings of the savage,
  Unfolding thought by thought,
To holy lives are lifted,
  To visions fair are wrought;
The races rise and cluster,
  And evils fade and fall,
Till chaos blooms to beauty,
  Thy purpose crowning all.

W. C. GANNETT.

108

C.M.

ALL as God wills, who wisely heeds
  To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
  Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
  Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
  Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a Providence
  Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
  Bright with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
  Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
  Beyond the Father's sight;

That care and trial seem at last,
  Through memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges overpast,
  In purple distance fair,

And so the shadows fall apart,
  And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
  I open to the day.

J. G. WHITTIER.

109

C.M.

I LONG for household voices gone,
  For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
  And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
  Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
  His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
  To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break
  But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside the Silent Sea
  I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
  On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
  Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
  Beyond his love and care.

J. G. WHITTIER

110

8.7.8.7.

When the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe Thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold;
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards as of old.

Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.

Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find Thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget Thee in my joy;
And from Thee my sunshine borrow,
And by Thee my gloom destroy.

God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end.

E. M. GELDART.

111

8.8.8.4.

One thing I of the Lord desire—
For all my way hath miry been—
Be it by water or by fire,
O make me clean.

If clearer vision Thou impart,
Grateful and glad my soul shall be;
But yet to have a purer heart
Is more to me.

Yea, only as the heart is clean
May larger vision yet be mine,
For mirror'd in its depths are seen
The things divine.

I watch to shun the miry way,
And stanch the spring of guilty thought;
But, watch and wrestle as I may,
Pure I am not.

So, wash Thou me without, within,
Or purge with fire, if that must be:
No matter how, if only sin
Die out in me.

W. C. SMITH.

112

C.M.

'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is toss'd about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

No mood of feeling, form of thought.
Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord, Thou changest not:
The same Thou art alway.

I grasp thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold, and then come down
Darkness and cold unrest.

Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee,—
In this alone rejoice with awe;
Thy mighty grasp of me.

Out of that weak, unquiet drift,
That comes but to depart,
To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
Where Thou unchanging art.

Lay hold of me with thy strong grasp,
Let thy Almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go;

Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul;
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast;
Since Thou within thy sure control
Of Love dost hold me fast.

J. C. SHAIRP.

113

8.5.8.3.

When thy heart with joy o'erflowing,
Sings a thankful prayer,
In thy joy, O, let thy brother
With thee share.

When thy harvest-sheaves ingathered
Fill thy barns with store,
To thy God and to thy brother
Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
Yearn for glorious deed,
Give thy strength to serve thy brother
In his need.

Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
In thy lonely breast?
Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
Sorrow's burden share;
When thy heart enfolds a brother,
God is there.

T. C. WILLIAMS.

114

7s.

'Mid my life's vicissitude,
Seeming evil mixed with good;
'Mid its pleasure and its pain,
Alternating loss and gain,—
Be Thou still my staff and rod,
All-sustaining grace of God.

Like a pilgrim here I pass,
Darkly see as through a glass;
Little know I of the way,
What shall be I cannot say,—
Let thy light upon me shine,
All-sufficient grace divine.

'Mid my ever-changing mood
God who changeth not is good;
And his word within I have,
He will guard the life He gave,—
Sing, my soul, along thy road,
Happy in the grace of God.

F. L. HOSMER.

115

L.M.

Not in our waking hours alone
His constancy and care are known,
But locked in slumber fast and deep
He giveth to us while we sleep.

What giveth He? From toil release,
Quiet from God, night's starlit peace;
Till with the coming of the morn
We greet the day, like it new-born.

And in the sleep that we call death
He sleepeth not, nor slumbereth,
But still sustains the silent soul
Until the shadows backward roll.

What giveth He? No more again
To know the touch of mortal pain;
All weakness past, each fetter riven,
For earth the larger life of heaven.

Still let us say the ancient words
'In life, in death, we are the Lord's,'
And trust all to his love to keep,
Who giveth to his own in sleep.

F. L. HOSMER.

116

C.M.

O LORD, with toil our days are filled;
They rarely leave us free,
O give us space to seek for grace
In happy thoughts of Thee.

Yet hear us, little though we ask:
O leave us not alone;
In every thought, and word, and task,
Be near us, though unknown.

Still lead us, wandering in the dark,
Still send us heavenly food,
And mark, as none on earth can mark,
Our struggle to be good.

A. AINGER.

117

L.M.

O THOU in lonely vigil led
To follow Truth's new-risen star
Ere yet her morning skies are red,
And vale and upland shadowed are,—

Gird up thy loins and take thy road,
Obedient to the vision be:
Trust not in numbers; God is God,
And one with Him majority.

Soon pass the judgments of the hour,
Forgotten are the scorn and blame;
The Word moves on, a gladdening power,
And safe enshrines the prophet's fame.

Now, as of old, in lowly plight
The Christ of larger faith is born:
The watching shepherds come by night,
And then—the kings of earth at morn.

F. L. HOSMER.

118

C.M.

Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
Strange friend of human kind,
Seeking through weary years a rest
Within our heart to find.

How late thy bright and awful brow
Breaks through these clouds of sin:
Hail, Truth divine, we know thee now,
Angel of God, come in.

Come, though with purifying fire,
And desolating sword,
Thou of all nations the desire;
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
Let old oppressions die:
Before thy cloudless countenance
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
To see, as ne'er before,
Our Father in our brother's face,
Our Maker in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day;
Convince, subdue, enthrall;
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
And Love be all in all.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

119

C.M.

When courage fails, and faith burns low,
And men are timid grown,
Hold fast thy loyalty, and know
That Truth still moveth on.

For unseen messengers she hath
To work her will and ways,
And even human scorn and wrath
God turneth to her praise.

She can both meek and lordly be,
In heavenly might secure;
With her is pledge of victory,
And patience to endure.

The race is not unto the swift,
The battle to the strong,
When dawn her judgment-days that sift
The claims of right and wrong.

And more than thou canst do for Truth
Can she on thee confer,
If thou, O heart, but give thy youth
And manhood unto her.

For she can make thee inly bright,
Thy self-love purge away,
And lead thee in the path whose light
Shines to the perfect day.

Who follow her, though men deride,
In her strength shall be strong,
Shall see their shame become their pride,
And share her triumph-song.

F. L. HOSMER.

120

7·7·7·3·

Gird your loins about with truth;
Life will not always go smooth,
Singing lightsome songs of youth:
Play, play the man.

Learn with Justice to keep pace,
Spurning what is vile and base,
Bravely ever set your face
To play the man.

Fear not what the world may say,
Hold the straight and narrow way
In the open light of day,
And play the man.

They will call you poor and weak,
Being merciful and meek.
Heed them not; so you must seek
To play the man.

Have the courage to be true
Steadfastly the right to do,
Loving him who wrongeth you—
Play, play the man.

Trust in God, and let them mock;
They will break, as they have broke,
Like the waves upon the rock—
Play, play the man.

WALTER C. SMITH.

121

8.7.

TAKE our pledge, eternal Father;
Though the way we dimly see,
Strengthen Thou our earnest purpose
Till it leads us on to Thee.

Standing for the Christ-like spirit,
Facing toward the morning light,
We, thy children, pledge our service;
Lead us, Father, in the right.

Take our pledge, and let it hold us
Ever in thy perfect way,
Till we come into thy kingdom,
Through the purpose of this day.

F. B. MOTT.

122

7.6.8.6.

GOD bless the little children,
The faces sweet and fair,
The bright young eyes, so strangely wise,
The bonny silken hair.

God love the little children,—
The angels at the door,
The music sweet of little feet
That patter on the floor.

God help the little children,
Who cheer our saddest hours,
And shame our fears for future years,
And give us winter flowers.

God keep the little children
Whom we no more can see;
Fled from their nest and gone to rest,
Where we desire to be.

J. P. HOPPS.

123

C.M.

ALL hidden lie the future ways
Their little feet shall fare;
But holy thoughts within us stir
And rise on lips of prayer.

To us beneath the noonday heat,
Dust-stained and travel-worn,
How beautiful their robes of white,
The freshness of their morn.

Within us wakes the childlike heart,
Back rolls the tide of years;
The silent wells of memory start
And flow in happy tears.

O little ones, ye cannot know
The power with which ye plead,
Nor why, as on through life we go,
The little child doth lead.

F. L. HOSMER.

124

C.M.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives,—
His blessèd word of love.

O bond of union, strong and deep,
O bond of perfect peace!
Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy Spirit ours,
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. LONGFELLOW.

125

C.M.

A HOLY air is breathing round,
A fragrance from above;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine;
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not Thee or thine;

But, by the cross of Jesus taught,
And all thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord.

A. A. LIVERMORE.

126

8.6.8.6.8.8.

O SING with loud and joyful song,
The seers of every name;
O sing the prophets high and true,
And saints of sacred fame.
From age to age their voice is heard,
One solemn cry, one living word.

They come, the Lord's anointed ones,
In every age and shore,
And ever-blessèd tidings brought,
And holy witness bore,
Witness of Love's celestial light,
Of duty and eternal right.

O thanks that all the ages down
The same love is outpoured;
O thanks that every prophet-voice
Proclaims one truth, one Lord;
O holy throng, ye show the store
Of endless life from more to more.

J. V. BLAKE.

127

11.11.10.10.

SING with our might and uplift our glad voices;
Sing while the heart with thanksgiving rejoices;
Sing of all saints spreading goodness abroad,
Prophets and holy ones, sons of the Lord.

Thanks to the Lord for his prophets and sages,
Thanks for the saints He hath raised in all ages,
Hark to their voices;—they utter One Name;
One Lord, one Brotherhood, one Hope proclaim.

Often forsaken and outcast and friendless,
Wounded and dying in sufferings endless,
Bear they their witness or raise their high song,
Fervent in faithfulness, patient and strong.

From age to age the glad tidings are spoken,
Shore calls to shore that the line is unbroken;
One holy army, one glorious cry,—
On earth be peacefulness, praises on high.

J. V. BLAKE.

128

C.M.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down:
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But O 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare.

They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God for evermore.

J. W. CHADWICK.

129

C.M

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of Life I tread,
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are his, and here or there,
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

F. L. HOSMER.

130

L.M.

Come, let us sing a tender song
Of those our glances seek in vain;
Dear heavenly friends, the way is long
On which we meet them not again.

But still in memory's silent deeps
Their spirits pure with us abide;
And faithful love its secret keeps
Of things beyond the parting tide.

The prophets grave and deep and wise,
Whose words like silver clarions rung;
The happy saints whose memory lies
Safe-folded in the psalms they sung;

And those whom beauty's perfect round
Enticed alway with glowing heart;
They who in lowly service found
With silent joy the better part;

And those clear souls whose shining face
Made brightness wheresoe'er they came;
Hearts full of tenderest love and grace,
For truth and right a glorious flame.—

Come, let us sing a tender song
Of those and all our good and true
Within the veil! God make us strong
Such work as theirs to greatly do.

J. W. CHADWICK.

131

8.7.

Clear in mémory's silent reaches
  Lie the pastures I have seen,
Greener than the sun-lit spaces
  Where the May has flung her green:
Needs no sun and needs no starlight
  To illume these fields of mine,
For the glory of dead faces
  Is the sun, the stars, that shine.

More than one I count my pastures
  As my life-path groweth long;
By their quiet waters straying
  Oft I lay me, and am strong.
And I call each by its giver,
  And the dear names bring to them
Glory as from shining faces
  In some New Jerusalem.

Yet, O well I can remember,
  Once I called my pastures, Pain,
And their waters were a torrent
  Sweeping through my life amain:
Now I call them Peace and Stillness,
  Brightness of all Happy Thought,
Where I linger for a blessing
  From my faces that are nought.

Nought? I fear not. If the Power
  Maketh thus his pastures green,
Maketh thus his quiet waters,
  Out of waste his heavens serene,

I can trust the mighty Shepherd
  Loseth none He ever led;
Somewhere yet a greeting waits me
  On the faces of my dead.

W. C. GANNETT.

132

Harvest. 7s.

PRAISE to God and thanksgiving!
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing!
Praises to the Glorious One,
All his year of wonder done!

Praise Him for his budding green,
April's resurrection-scene:
Praise Him for his shining hours,
Starring all the land with flowers:

Praise Him for his summer rain,
Feeding, day and night, the grain:
Praise Him for his tiny seed,
Holding all his world shall need:

Praise Him for his garden root,
Meadow grass and orchard fruit:
Praise for hills and valleys broad,
Each the Table of the Lord:

Praise Him now for snowy rest,
Falling soft on Nature's breast:
Praise for happy dreams of birth
Brooding in the quiet earth:

For his year of wonder done,
Praise to the All-Glorious One:
Hearts, bow down, and voices, sing
Praise and love and thanksgiving.

W. C. GANNETT.

133

Harvest. 9.8.9.8.

Now sing we a song for the harvest:
Thanksgiving and honour and praise,
For all that the bountiful Giver
Hath given to gladden our days.

For grasses of upland and lowland,
For fruits of the garden and field,
For gold which the mine and the prairie
To delver and husbandman yield.

And thanks for the harvest of beauty,—
For that which the hands cannot hold;
The harvest eyes only can gather,
And only our hearts can enfold.

We reap it on mountain and moorland;
We glean it from meadow and lea;
We garner it in from the cloudland;
We bind it in sheaves from the sea.

But now we sing deeper and higher,—
Of harvests that eye cannot see;
They ripen on mountains of duty,
Are reaped by the brave and the free:

And these have been gathered and garnered,—
Some golden with honour and gain,
And some, as with heart's-blood, are ruddy,—
The harvests of sorrow and pain.

O Thou, who art Lord of the harvest,
The Giver who gladdens our days,
Our hearts are forever repeating
Thanksgiving and honour and praise.

W. C. GANNETT.

134

Harvest. 7.6.

Lord of the silent winter,
Beneath whose skies of gray
The frost-bound fields lie cheerless,
But wait a brighter day:
If human hearts are dreary,
By mists of sorrow chilled,
Give patience to the weary,
Till they with peace be filled.

Lord of the joyous spring-time,
When leaves and buds appear,
And lengthening days of beauty
Renew the softened year.
Breathe on our hearts in blessing;
Away our sadness roll;
And send, all pain redressing,
A spring-time to the soul.

Lord of the glowing summer,
When waves the corn on high,
And fruits in valleys ripen
Beneath a cloudless sky;

Shine on our hearts' endeavour
To give our strength to Thee,
That in our spirits ever
A richer life may be.

Lord of the bounteous autumn,
When vineyards yield their store,
And golden sheaves, new-gathered,
Pass to the garner door:
Grant now a full fruition
To every seed of truth,
Which fell, with blessed mission,
Upon our souls in youth.

Lord of the changing seasons,
Lord of our passing days,
Wake Thou in us abundance
Of duty, love, and praise:
That hearts of wintry sadness
May feel the breath of spring,
And summer's time of gladness
The autumn glories bring.

D. AGATE.

135

Dedication. 8s.

To Light, that shines in stars and souls,
To Law, that rounds the world with calm,
To Love, whose equal triumph rolls
Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm,—
We wed these walls with unseen bands,
In holier shrines not made with hands.

May purer sacrament be here
Than ever dwelt in rite or creed;
Hallowed the hour with vow sincere
To serve the time's all-pressing need,
And rear, its heaving seas above,
Strongholds of freedom, folds of love.

Here be the wanderer homeward led,
Here living streams in fulness flow,
And every hungering soul be fed,
That yearns the Eternal Will to know,
Here conscience hurl her stern reply
To mammon's lust and slavery's lie.

Speak, Living God, thy full command
Through prayer of faith and word of power,
That we with girded loins may stand
To do thy work and wait thine hour,
And sow, 'mid patient toils and tears
For harvests in serener years.

S. JOHNSON.

136

Dedication. L.M.

O THOU whose perfect goodness crowns
With joy and peace this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in thy way.

For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air;

For mutual love and trust that keep
  Unchanged through all the changing time,
For friends within the veil who thrill
  Our spirits with a hope sublime;

For this, and more than words can say,
  We praise and bless thy holy Name.
Come life or death, enough to know
  That Thou art evermore the same.

J. W. CHADWICK.

137

Dedication. C.M.

O LIGHT, from age to age the same,
  Forever living Word,—
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
  Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
  Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair,—
  Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
  What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
  The heart with grateful song.

Vanish the mists of time and sense;
  They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
  Holds all for evermore.

O, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine,
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide!
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

F. L. HOSMER.

138

Dedication. L.M.

ETERNAL One, Thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged reveal,
With Thee their way our fathers trod;
The hand they held, in ours we feel.

The same our trust, the same our need,
In sorrow's stress, in duty's hour;
We keep their faith, if not their creed,
That faith the fount of all our power.

We bless Thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widening view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the new.

With wider view, come loftier goal;
With fuller light, more good to see;
With freedom, truer self-control;
With knowledge, deeper reverence be.

Anew we pledge ourselves to Thee
To follow where thy truth shall lead.
That truth alone can make us free;
Who goes with God is safe indeed.

S. LONGFELLOW.

139

Marriage. 11.10.

O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
Whom Thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow,
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

DOROTHY BLOMFIELD GURNEY.

O Love divine and golden,
  Mysterious depth and height,
To Thee the world beholden,
  Looks up for life and light;
O Love divine and gentle,
  The blesser and the blest,
Beneath thy care parental
  The world lies down in rest.

The fields of earth adore Thee,
  The forests sing thy praise,
All living things before Thee
  Their holiest anthems raise:
Thou art the joy of gladness;
  The Life of life Thou art;
The dew of gentle sadness,
  That droppeth on the heart.

O Love divine and tender,
  That through our homes doth move,
Veiled in the softened splendour
  Of holy household love;
A throne without thy blessing,
  Were labour without rest;
The cottages possessing
  Thy blessedness, are blest.

God bless these hands united,
  God bless these hearts made one;
Unsevered and unblighted
  May they, through life, go on:
Here, in earth's home, preparing
  For the bright Home above;
And there, for ever sharing
  Its joy, where God is love.

141 *Marriage.* 8.6.8.4.

Eternal Love, whose law doth sway
The worlds in ordered course,
And works in human hearts its way
With sacred force.

To Thee our waiting hearts we lift,
This solemn, joyful hour,
And ask thy Spirit's perfect gift,
For marriage dower.

Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
That bind two souls in one;
Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
Thy heaven begun.

O hallow with thy presence now
This sacrament of love;
Breathe in the trembling human vow
Strength from above.

Then, wheresoe'er the unknown road
Of outward life may roam,
A flame that on thine altar glowed
Shall light the home.

ELLA S. ARMITAGE.

142 *New Year's Eve.* 8.7.

Across the sky the shades of night
This winter's eve are fleeting:
We deck thine house, O Lord, with light,
In solemn worship meeting:
And as the year's last hours go by,
We lift to Thee our earnest cry,
Once more thy love entreating.

Before thy mercy, Lord, we bow,
To Thee our prayers addressing;
Recounting all thy mercies now,
And all our sins confessing;
Beseeching Thee, this coming year,
To hold us in thy faith and fear,
And crown us with thy blessing.

And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
To dear ones gone before us;
Safe housed with Thee in Paradise,
Their spirits hovering o'er us:
And beg of Thee, when life is past,
To re-unite us all, at last,
And to our lost restore us.

We gather up, in this brief hour,
The memory of thy mercies;
Thy wondrous goodness, love and power,
Our grateful song rehearses:
For Thou has been our Strength and Stay,
In many a dark and dreary day
Of sorrow and reverses.

In many an hour, when fear and dread,
Like evil spells have bound us,
And clouds were gathered overhead,
Thy Providence hath found us:
In many a night when waves ran high,
Thy gracious Presence drawing nigh
Hath made all calm around us.

Then, O great God, in years to come,
  Whatever fate betide us,
Right onward through our journey home
  Be Thou at hand to guide us:
Nor leave us till, at close of life,
Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
  Heaven shall unfold and hide us.

J. HAMILTON.

143

The New Year. 7s.

BACKWARD looking o'er the past,
  Forward, too, with eager gaze,
Stand we here to-day, O God,
  At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;
  Memories all bright and fair
Seem to float on spirit wings,
  Downward through the silent air.

Hark, through all their music sweet,
  Hear you not a voice of cheer?
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,
  'Happy be the coming year.'

Father, comes that voice from Thee,
  Swells it with thy meaning vast,
Good in all thy Future stored,
  Fairer than in all the Past.

J. W. CHADWICK.

144

The New Year. C.M.

ANOTHER year of setting suns,
Of stars by night revealed,
Of springing grass, of tender buds
By Winter's snow concealed.

Another year of Summer's glow,
Of Autumn's gold and brown,
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work,
That better is than play,
Of simple cares, and love that grows
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,
And childhood's blessèd ways,
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's dream,
And poet's tender lays.

Another year at Beauty's feast,
At every moment spread,
Of silent hours when grow distinct
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard
Where better souls have trod,
Another year of life's delight,
Another year of God.

J. W. CHADWICR.

145

England and America.

Two empires by the sea,
Two nations, great and free,
  One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith, we claim,
One God, whose glorious name
  We love and praise.

What deeds our fathers wrought,
What battles we have fought,
  Let fame record.
Now, vengeful passion cease,
Come, victories of peace,
Nor hate nor pride's caprice
  Unsheath the sword.

Though deep the sea and wide,
'Twixt realm and realm, its tide
  Binds strand to strand.
So be the gulf between
Grey coasts and islands green,
Great populace and Queen,
  By friendship spanned.

Now, may the God above
Guard the dear lands we love,
  Or East or West.
Let love more fervent glow,
As peaceful ages go,
And strength yet stronger grow,
  Blessing and blest.

G. HUNTINGDON.

146

11.10.11.9.

God, the All-terrible, Thou who ordainest
Thunder thy clarion, and lightning thy sword;
Show forth thy pity on high where Thou reignest;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the Omnipotent, mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Doom us not now in the hour of our danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted thy Word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth thy Word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-pitiful! is it not crying—
Blood of the guiltless, like water outpoured?
Look on the anguish, the sorrow, the sighing;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God, the All-wise! by the fire of thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness thy kingdom is hastening,
Thou wilt give peace in thy time, O Lord.

H. F. CHORLEY.

147

P.M.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations;
Not thrones and crowns, but men.
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass, like weeds, away,
Their heritage a sunless day.
God save the people.

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No, say thy mountains; no, thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend instead of sighs.
God save the people.

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men;
God save the people. Thine they are,
Thy children, as thine angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people.

E. ELLIOTT.

148

7.6.

O BEAUTIFUL, our country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all the wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair Freedom's open door.

For thee our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine;
The blood of noble races
Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem.

F. L. HOSMER.

149

6.6.4.6.6.6.4

God bless our native land,
May heaven's protecting hand
  Still guard our shore;
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transformed to friend;
And Britain's rights depend
  On war no more.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
  And bless our isle;
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
  Kind heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But be thy mercies known
  From shore to shore;
Lord, make the nations see,
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
  The wide world o'er.

W. E. HICKSON.

150

L.M.

These things shall be! a loftier race
Than e'er the world hath known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes.

They shall be gentle, brave, and strong
To spill no drop of blood, but dare
All that may plant man's lordship firm,
On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land,
Unarmed shall live as comrades free;
In every heart and brain shall throb
The pulse of one fraternity.

Man shall love man with heart as pure
And fervent as the young-eyed throng
Who chant their heavenly psalms before
God's face with undiscordant song.

New arts shall bloom of loftier mould,
And mightier music thrill the skies,
And every life shall be a song,
When all the earth is paradise.

There shall be no more sin, nor shame,
Though pain and passion may not die;
For man shall be at one with God
In bonds of firm necessity.

J. A. SYMONDS.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

A cloud received Him out of sight 21
A gladsome song of praise we sing..... 54
A holy air is breathing round..... 125
Across the sky the shades of night 142
Again, as evening's shadow falls 8
All as God wills, who wisely heeds 108
All hidden lie the future ways 123
Angels holy, high and lowly 55
Another year of setting suns 144

Backward looking o'er the past 143
Beneath the shadow of the cross 124
Breathe on me, Breath of God 47
Bring, O morn, thy music 3

City of God, how broad and far 92
Clear in memory's silent reaches 131
Come, let us sing a tender song..... 130
Come Thou, O come 45

Day is dying in the west 7
Dear Lord and Father of mankind 83

Eternal Life, whose love divine 141
Eternal Love, whose law doth sway 104
Eternal One, Thou living God 138
Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round..... 95

Father Almighty, bless us with thy blessing 51
Father-God in Heaven 12
Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling 96
Father Omnipotent, joyful and thankful ... 43
Father, Thou art calling, calling to us plainly 86
Father, to Thee we look in all our sorrow 77
For the dead and for the dying 97
From age to age the prophets rise 91
From every danger of the night 17
From Thee all skill and science flow 98

Gather us in, Thou love that fillest all ... 99
Gird your loins about with truth 120
Go forth to life, O child of earth..... 100
Go not, my soul, in search of Him 101
God bless our native land 149
God bless the little children 122
God make my life a little light 102
God, the All-terrible, Thou who ordainest 146
God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world 103
Gracious Power, the world pervading ... 56
Great God, to whom since time began 1

Have you heard the Golden City..... 76
He cometh not a king to reign 29
He hides within the lily 107
Hold Thou my hands 106
Holy Spirit, Truth divine 46

I cannot find Thee. Still on restless pinion 105
I cannot think of them as dead 129
I little see, I little know 94
I live for those who love me 93
I long for household voices gone 109
I look to Thee in every need 88
I pray to know thy peace 70
Immortal by their deed and word 32
Immortal Love, for ever full 28
It came upon the midnight clear 22
It is finished! Man of sorrows 37
It singeth low in every heart 128

Life of Ages, richly poured 50
Lo, the day of days is here 42
Lo, the day of rest declineth 6
Lo, the earth is risen again 41
Long, long ago, in manger low 27
Lord of all being, throned afar 63
Lord of the silent winter 134
Lord, the word is spoken now 18

Many things in life there are 87
Master, no offering 35
'Mid my life's vicissitude..... 114
Mysterious Presence, Source of All 49

Night clouds around us silently are stealing 13
Not in dumb resignation 85
Not in our waking hours alone 115
Not over great Jerusalem 26
Now on land and sea descending 5
Now sing we a song for the harvest 133
Now while we sing our closing psalm 19

O beautiful, our country 148
O God, whose presence glows in all 71
O Life that maketh all things new 84
O Light, from age to age the same 137
O little town of Bethlehem 25
O Lord of Life, where'er they be..... 40
O Lord, with toil our days are filled 116
O Love divine and golden 140
O Love divine, of all that is 4
O Love divine, whose constant beam..... 48
O Love, O Life, our faith and sight 30
O Love that wilt not let me go 79
O Master, let me walk with Thee 34
O Master of my soul 31
O Name, all other names above 60
O Patient Christ, when long ago 33
O perfect Love, all human thought transcending 139
O prophet souls of all the years 82
O shadow in a sultry land 11
O sing with loud and joyful song 126
O sometimes gleams upon our sight 80
O Source divine, and Life of all..... 81
O Thou, in all thy might so far 53
O Thou in lonely vigil led 117
O Thou not made with hands..... 89
O Thou who art of all that is 75
O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns ... 136
O Thou whose Spirit witness bears 78
On eyes that watch through sorrow's night 39
One holy Church of God appears 90
One Lord there is, all lords above..... 57
One thing I of the Lord desire 111

One thought I have, my ample creed..... 59
Our Father, while our hearts unlearn 73
Our God, our help in ages past 52
Over the land in glory 44

Past are the cross, the scourge, the thorn... 38
Peacefully round us the shadows are falling 14
Praise to God and thanksgiving 132

Silent like men in solemn haste 64
Sing forth his high eternal name 58
Sing with our might and uplift our glad voices 127
Slowly by thy hand unfurled 10
Softly the silent night 15
Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh 74
Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary 72

Take our pledge, eternal Father 121
The day is done 9
The little birds now seek their nest..... 16
The Lord is in his Holy Place 68
The mountain that the morn doth kiss ... 2
These things shall be. A loftier race ... 150
Thou glorious God, before whose face 65
Thou Grace divine, encircling all 66
Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed ... 118
Thou Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand 67
Thy kingdom come—on bended knee..... 20
To-day be joy in every heart 24
To Light, that shines in stars and souls ... 135
'Twixt gleams of joy and clouds of doubt... 112
Two empires by the sea 145

Unto Thee abiding ever 69

We pray no more, made lowly wise 61
We wonder and adore 62
What means this glory round our feet 23
When courage fails, and faith burns low ... 119
When my love to God grows weak 36
When the light of day is waning 110
When thy heart with joy o'erflowing 113
When wilt Thou save the people.....147

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